

"Sour Grapes and Ashes" for Professor Herron

By N. P. D.

AFTER saying more cruel things about the League of Nations than all the wilful Senators and wicked editors put together, Prof. Herron's reasons for urging its acceptance, notwithstanding and nevertheless, are not unlike a doctor's who would advise an operation on the theory that although it couldn't possibly do any good it might not do any harm. Prof. Herron seems to think the League of Nations as formulated at Paris is worthless but may be innocuous. He, therefore, somewhat sadly advises the world to submit to the operation.

Prof. Herron's book is the saddest book we have ever read. Perhaps Prinkipo has something to do with Prof. Herron's present melancholy—the conference that never came off, and to which Prof. Herron, with Lincoln Steffens, was to be Mr. Wilson's delegate. Prof. Herron had written a book eulogistic of the President called *Woodrow Wilson and the World Peace*. He had written another book called *The Menace of Peace*, which is one of the most eloquent and powerfully moving statements of the allied cause produced by the war. It is in contrast with the fire and the eloquence of these two previous books that *The Greater War* is so sad. Prof. Herron is apparently too disgruntled over the peace of Paris and the League of Nations even to be eloquent.

He speaks of the "brazen defects" of the league. He calls it more "shadowy than substantial." He says it is a "failure not a finality"; a "name and nothing more." He says the league has not even a foundation on which to build. He speaks of the "juggling and compromising of the incredible peace makers at Paris." He lines himself up with those who see "no permanent peace coming out of Paris." Still the league may not do any harm, so let the doctors operate.

Another sad thing in Prof. Herron's new book is that we have been saving the world for something that never existed. To the students of the University of Basel in Switzerland, in an address on *The Judgment Day of Democracy*, which forms one of the chapters of the new book, he said:

"It is as true as it is commonplace to say that essential Christianity has never been tried; and it is equally true that democracy has never been tried. Just as there has never been a Christian society, a Christian civilization, so there has existed no such thing as a democratic state or social order. We have had historic Christianity: we have grown accustomed to democratic phrases: but historic Christianity has little to do with Christ and the so-called democratic states have little to do with democracy. The teachings of Christ have never been applied to world-organization; society has never been democratically administered. The nations or rather the Governments, which have clothed themselves and their constitutions in democratic phraseology have no notion of what democracy means, no intention of putting Christ into social and industrial practice."

To make the League of Nations positively good, instead of only negatively harmless, Prof. Herron says its constitution would have to be democratized, and that it would have to provide for complete economic freedom and also for race equality. He says: "The nations or the peoples have as little to do with the league, as it is now constituted, as Christianity has to do with Christ or the peace of Paris with the famous fourteen principles. . . . Until it is cleansed of the devil's notion that mere size constitutes value; until it provides for an actual equality of voice and opportunity between the nations, without regard to size or material power—until then it is no League of Nations, but a mere diplomatic masquerade of capitalist Governments." But a masquerade is a harmless amusement, so let everybody smile and look pleasant.

We seriously mean it when we say that Prof. Herron's new book is sad. It is always sad when a man's high hopes turn, as Miss Daisy Ashford, the nine-year-old author of *The Young Visitors*, would say, to "sour grapes and ashes."

THE GREATER WAR. By GEORGE D. HARRISON. Mitchell Kennerley.

"The Owner of the Lazy D"



William Patterson White, author of "The Owner of the Lazy D."

WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE'S *The Owner of the Lazy D* is a story of cow rustlers and a Western cattle war. It does not take much experience to make some people more sympathetic with cow rustlers than with rustling cows. There are cows who, especially about this time of year, exhibit a passion for corn on the cob as strong as Stevenson's or possibly one's own. For such cows stone walls do not a prison make, nor yet barbed wire, which, by the way, should have made cows invaluable on the western front. Unquestionably there comes a time when every man who has ever owned a cow would willingly sacrifice her for his country, and would welcome a cow rustler who would come along and brand that cow as his own.

But "The Owner of the Lazy D" objects to his cows being rustled and rebranded with the "Hash Knife" or "V Up and

Down." Mr. White tells the story of an exciting war warranted to make the blood of the most gentle pacifist run faster, and to make the more belligerent glory in its goriness. Zung-g-g! Whung-g! Bang! the bullets rip and the rifles spit, and all the time we may be perfectly sure that the hero, "The Owner of the Lazy D" will come off unharmed, no matter how great the barrage is in his direction. The manner in which he uses the lady in an early chapter is evidence that he will always be master of a situation. In this chapter the girl with the amber eyes and the honey hair and the boy's clothes is handled somewhat hungrily by the hero. "He yanked her forward, seized her by the belt and pulled her across the table." When he had her flat on the table "face down" he held her there, using, however, "no more strength than was absolutely necessary."

It was a most undignified position, face down, for a girl with amber eyes and honey hair to be in and at the first oppor-

tunity "her chin shot forward and she clamped her jaws in a bulldog grip on the flesh of his forearm." The pain was "exquisite," but the resourceful hero "slowly, gently forced a rigid thumb and forefinger into her cheeks." This method, it is explained, had sometimes been found efficacious for biting a horse which sets its teeth. Anyway it worked with Miss Stuart.

So if "Dan Gilmore" can manage Miss Stuart there is every reason to believe that he will be more than a match for her brothers and the others. He is. For its kind *The Owner of the Lazy D* is exceptionally good, and is calculated to make even those who may not like the kind change their minds.

THE OWNER OF THE LAZY D. By WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"Dena"

TO be fourteen with all girlhood's ecstatic ambitions and fancies and to have imposed on one the task of "mothering" an impractical, unsuccessful father and two brothers is a hard lot in life. Yet that was the job confronting Ardena Marsh of Arcadia, Iowa, as one reads in the opening chapter of Ella Waterbury Gardner's *Dena*. Readers with memories will recall that in the height of the vogue of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch a very practical critic of American manners discovered that Mrs. Wiggs should not be considered an amusing and laughable person at all. This critic insisted that ethically Mrs. Wiggs was shocking; and that she should be held up as a lesson in the immorality of shiftlessness.

We are afraid a critic of that sort would grow very much irritated over Ardena's career as set down in these pages. Fancy a fourteen-year-old girl who had saved up three dollars spending it on a pretty hat and going in debt for a dollar more for the millinery. And then fancy this same young person returning the hat and squandering the three dollars on fireworks for her brothers' Fourth of July. Likewise imagine this same girl going out of a rainy night to leave a mysterious bunch of violets on her school teacher's doorstep, and getting a violent cold over this foolish, unproductive task. Yes, we are afraid Ardena Marsh would be harshly handled by practically minded folk. But fortunately there are many of us to whom the actions and motives of young girlhood are the loveliest and most amusing things in the world. And it is to these alone that this tale will appeal.

DENA. By ELLA WATERBURY GARDNER. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

NOW READY

The New Novel by BLASCO IBANEZ

Mare Nostrum

(OUR SEA)

By the author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, *The Shadow of the Cathedral*, *Blood and Sand* and *La Bodega*.

The New York Times Book Review says:

This new novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez is a book one opens with very lively anticipations. And these anticipations are not doomed to disappointment, for "Mare Nostrum" is unquestionably a remarkable book. It contains those qualities for which we have long learned to look in a Blasco Ibanez novel—a richness of background, colorful as some wonderful stained glass window; a sense of historical continuity, linking the present to the past; beautifully written descriptions; several striking and peculiar minor characters.

But besides all this, which represents the expected, the book has also the full-length portrait of a woman, carefully drawn and with a wealth of detail . . . an absorbingly interesting personage second in importance only to Ulysses Ferragut himself, the sea-captain who is the pivot of the book. . . . The chapter which tells of Freya's fate is well-nigh perfect.

It is, indeed, a rich and powerful novel, whose color and warmth and brilliancy enable it to convey to the reader much of the very spirit of the Mediterranean—Our Sea.

The New York Sun in a full-page enthusiastic review says:

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